

## SUNDAY THEATER OPENINGS

**Three Faces East**—National. When Fraulin Helene, with her sky blue ingenuous eyes and fluffy golden locks, sets out from Potsdam to board the British Lion in his den, it looks as though the imperial animal is in for a major operation with all the accompanying horrors of vivisection. All of which is apropos of "Three Faces East," playing at the National for the coming six days.

But such is the deceptiveness of playwrights that after following the fair Helene through three acts of Zepi's comedy (of stage), informal machines, and flourished automatics, she fools us and the minions of Berlin and almost everyone else but a snappy young British lieutenant.

"Three Faces East" sets a killing pace for secret service plays throughout its three acts. The surprises catch you so quickly and are such real ones, so logically thought, that the poor creature almost gives up trying to guess what is on the cards. You get a hunch that, maybe, the British cabinet minister will turn out to be the Chief of the German Secret Service in the next act, or that perhaps Fraulin Helene will prove a daughter of the Stars and Stripes. But no matter what you guess you'll be wrong. You'll just have to sit and watch and admire the daylight-out faculty for corkscrew mental acrobatics.

Violet Hemming plays Fraulin Helene, who, with the password, "Three faces east," in her brain, "Costs strafe England," on her lips, and goodness knows what in her heart, sails for London and victory. She not only plays this fine and exacting role—she fills it and gives one a picture of a real little lady arch-spy, leading the strange, webbed trails of the secret service with a sure, small foot; gazing sweetly in the enemy's eyes and bluffing the daylight out of him.

Some irrelevant folk regard British cabinet ministers as representatives of a quaint type that, it is hoped, will become a thing of the past during the next century. But it has remained for Charles Harbury to make a real comedy character out of the one he has chosen to impersonate with infinite skill.

Stuart Head and shoulders above the usual spy characterization is the one contributed by Maurice Freeman, who brings to one a sense of a cold and malign intelligence coupled with unlimited fighting ability. Thomas J. McGrane's impersonation of Yeats, chief of the English Intelligence Department, is also very admirable, although his speech in the last act seems just a bit dragged in.

It is surely enough to arrest a spy and condemn him to the Tower without condemning him to listen to a loud gurgling in his ear.

The remainder of the cast were uniformly excellent, filling their roles with intelligence and enthusiasm.

Among the scenes of the play was one very fine air raid depiction, full of the clang of bells warning London to run down cellar, the vicious click of machine guns, the boom of anti-aircraft ordnance and Boer bombs, the clamor finally subsiding into the purr of distant planes and the call of the "All Clear" signal. There is one bedroom scene in the play, but for all the atmosphere, the equal parts in such a setting, it might as well be laid in the front veranda.

**A Little Journey**—Theater. "A Little Journey," a psychological play, declared that a Pullman car seat setting for the student and watch human nature in raits and moods.

Stately it is a very convenient vehicle for the playwright who has characters of a distinct individual quality to introduce edly and other purposes of the journey," which Rachel found suited New York for did period, was offered to patrons last night and the found the trip well worth even though the mile-a-minute laughs is not evenly maintained through three enjoyable acts.

Everybody finds a long distance journey, even with Pullman conveniences, a bit tiresome. That may be why Miss Crothers ends this conventional trip on the rollers with an unconventional railroad wreck, at a point where it was slowing down through the limited chance for action, and transplants it to the Western plains for the expected happy ending.

There is very little to the story, but it is told very sweetly with deft and skilful touches, emphasized through the ability of the players. Julie Ruth-erford finds herself home west to find a career after financial misfortune. At the beginning of her journey she discovers she has lost her tickets and is compelled to accept the material assistance of Jim West or turn back, and she elects the more convenient plan of a temporary loan.

The acquaintance born in this unconventional manner ripens into a friendship and is on its way to closer bonds as the four-day journey lengthens until the rail smashup comes. The incidental characters in the compartments fit in smoothly for the comedy details. Developments after the wreck serve to hasten the expected proposal.

Ethel Martin's characterization of Mrs. Welch, a blase New York matron with a propensity for yunk speeches and the clear-cut view of matrimony and romance often assumed by those who have been through it and found something besides peaches and cream, which he has earned his fame on the stage, but he offers others even more sensational. He frees himself from a bear trap while hanging fifty feet in the air. And, as though this were not enough, Fate took a hand and turned the climax of the picture into the most hair-raising air accident in the history of aviation. Two "planes" took propellers 3,000 feet above ground and come crashing like rockets to the earth, the occupants snatched by chance from death at the last moment.

Others will still stand for it if something is offered to boot in the way of brilliance or novelty. Many will come from this particular suite with a sense of emptiness. They will have laughed at some bits, sighed over others, and ended with the consciousness that they have seen a bedroom farce, just that and nothing more.

But there are a multitude of others, and Pol's was thick with them last night, to whom a bedroom farce, any bedroom farce, is a perpetual, un-falling delight. What never fails to touch of their high hilarity is a speech or action, innocent in itself, which directs their thoughts unmistakably to matters not politely spoken of. It is not at all important that there should be anything funny about these hidden matters; the only essential is that they should be forbidden. Their minds stand leery alert for crumbs of suggestion.

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" has such to please this type of attendant, but little savor for those who like their fun seasoned with honest wit and intelligence. Its situations are of the kind that was worked over and over by French writers of a generation ago and has been revamped again and again on the American stage. Its lines are only mildly clever.

There are several clever farces and farces that is what you call them, among the players. The best is Miss Eda Ann Lake, who is genuinely funny as a former chorus girl of snappy temperament. Walter E. Perkins, as the husband whose wife cannot bear to think he isn't wicked, is also amusing.

**Loew's Columbia**—Marguerite Clark in "Widow by Proxy." Marguerite Clark clinches her right to the title of "the sweetest girl in pictures" with one of the very finest, most delightful screen roles of her entire photoplay career in "Widow by Proxy," the splendid adaptation of Catherine Chisholm Cushing's stage success of the same name, which opened a four-day run at Loew's Columbia theater yesterday. Although the picture is a performance, "Widow by Proxy" is a story of rare delight, splendidly portrayed with a supporting cast that includes Nigel Barrie, Brownie Vernon and others.

It brings Miss Clark to the screen as the role of a girl who, for the sake of a supposed widowed though pious chum, impersonates the latter in order to enable the unfortunate one to share in her husband's estate. She goes to the home of two spinster aunts of the girl's late husband, proceeds to fall madly in love with the dead man's brother and altogether tangles the situation only to be confronted by the supposed "dead" man who has returned from France, where he was supposed to have been killed. The story ends with the husband and wife reunited and the masquerading "widow by proxy" free to receive the love of the "dead" man's brother. It is a story of unusual narrative power, splendidly interpreted by Miss Clark in the leading role and it is a story which will probably rank as one of the very best screen efforts of this charming and capable star.

The attraction at the Columbia is supplemented in telling fashion with four added attractions, including a Strand comedy of distinctive fun-making value, the animated features of Mutt and Jeff, the new pictures and "Topical Tips." A splendid program of music accompanies the various screen subjects and makes the entire program one of great appeal.

**Loew's Palace**—Billie Burke in "Sadie Love."

Broadway stage successes, like Broadway stage stars, are succumbing to the lure of the movie with startling regularity these days. The latest newcomer to the screen is Avery Hopwood's sprightly farce, "Sadie Love," which made its appearance at Loew's Palace yesterday for a week's run, with Billie Burke in the stellar role.

Miss Burke could take the dreariest play ever written, infect it with her delightful personality and talents as a comedienne, and make a thoroughly entertaining picture out of it. No such demands are made of her in "Sadie Love," for she has been given just the sort of light, polite comedy in which she excels. There is something for every type of screen lover in it.

The story concerns Sadie, a vivacious girl used to having her own way, who marries a handsome young Italian count. It seems that she has previously had a love affair, and when the earlier lover phones her a short time after the ceremony, she invites him to call and womanwise imagines herself in love with him. When an excitable French countess appears on the scene and claims Luigi as her husband, the picture takes a turn on the title on Jim and invites the countess and him to accompany her on her honeymoon "in name only."

A couple of laughable attempts on the part of Jim to cope with Sadie are followed by further complications, brought to a climax by Luigi's attempt to starve his bride into submission. Finally Jim and the irrepressible Sadie escape and board the steamer, on which the newlyweds had intended to sail for Italy.

But Luigi and Jim's wife intercept them at the pier, and in a series of complications are averted when bride and groom fall into each other's waiting arms. The Palace program is delightfully supplemented with another of Director Gannon's splendid overture selections, "The Evolution of Dixie," and five other subsidiary hits, including a riotous Sennett comedy.

**Moore's Rialto**—Houdini in "The Grim Game." Seemingly it takes the world-famous Houdini to present the ultimate in screen thrills. Personally we thought we had seen every "stunt" possible in film and experienced thrills from such viewing until we had become case hardened and immediately assumed a blasé expression when the "greatest feat ever performed" was announced. We were due for an awakening, however, and a complete reversal of our former attitude. Beside Houdini's first feature production, a Paramount-Afterart picture, "The Grim Game," which opened a week's run at Moore's Rialto Theater yesterday, stunt films of the past seem quite commonplace. Not only does the master illusionist perform before your eyes all the amazing feats for which he has earned his fame on the stage, but he offers others even more sensational. He frees himself from a bear trap while hanging fifty feet in the air. And, as though this were not enough, Fate took a hand and turned the climax of the picture into the most hair-raising air accident in the history of aviation. Two "planes" took propellers 3,000 feet above ground and come crashing like rockets to the earth, the occupants snatched by chance from death at the last moment.

The handcuff king is star reporter on The Call and plans a big scoop for his paper. According to the scheme, his millionaire uncle, Cameron, is to be ordered away to the mountains by his doctor. Houdini is to plant evidence for a seeming murder, implicating himself. After he has been thrown into prison, the uncle is to return, and The Call secures credit for printing the inside story. But three men are unknown to Houdini, determined to make the dissembled murder a real one. Cameron is killed. The rest of the plot concerns the escape of Houdini trying to locate the murderers following his own hair-raising escape from jail.

The Rialto Orchestra, under the direction of Daniel Breeskin, is given an opportunity to display their talent in presenting a musical setting which in every way lives up to the strenuous demands of the play. A cello solo by Mr. Nicola De Lina is most acceptably received, the overture for the week being "Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 6." Short features of current interest and an excellent comedy complete the bill.

**Moore's Garden**—"The Fall of Babylon."

Without doubt, David Wark Griffith, master of picture-making, has surpassed his former efforts in the gor-geous spectacle he has brought forth in "The Fall of Babylon," the first of a series of his wonder works, due for showing at Moore's Garden Theater, which opened yesterday for a week's engagement.

Many of those who have been privileged to see Mr. Griffith's earlier triumphs, notably, "The Birth of a Nation" and "Hearts of the World," will marvel at our statement that "The Fall of Babylon" is more sumptuous, more colorful, more sensational, and more staggering in magnitude and volume than its predecessors. As just one instance of the brilliant array of thrilling scenes, there is the army of Cyrus, the Persian, advancing to destroy the city of Babylon, whose walls reach 300 feet high. The horsemanship who thrilled the spectator in "The Birth of a Nation" could be swallowed up and lost to sight in this cavalry of Cyrus. This march, alone, which is but one of the tremendous scenes of the play, reminds one of the never-ending waves of the sea. Then one sees the attack on the walls, where it is stated, no less than 40,000 warriors push their mighty siege towers against the massive battlements. Men grapple and fight with swords and spears, battering rams hammer the gates, huge catapults hurl great rocks through the air, giant cross-bows discharge iron bolts and arrows. The realism of the conflict is truly astounding.

Startling and prodigious as the battle scenes are, they constitute but a small part of the colossal theme and story of the picture. The stage settings have never been equaled in size and magnificence. The Palace of Belshazzar and the Temple of Bel are ancient world-splendor brought to our twentieth-century eyes, accurately and artistically reproduced.

**Moore's Strand**—"Her Kingdom of Dreams."

The management of Moore's Strand Theater made no mistake when they arranged for a return engagement of Anita Stewart in her most recent First National Exhibitor's attraction, "Her Kingdom of Dreams," which opened a three-day run yesterday.

"Her Kingdom of Dreams" was announced in the advance criticism as "the picture perfect," judging from the hearty reception given and expressions of approval heard yesterday has every reason to lay claim to such descriptive praise. From the standpoint of cast supplied to portray the numerous and various roles the production practically stands alone. Seldom has a Washington been favored with such a galaxy of both stage and screen stars appearing in one picture and their magnificent acting makes every scene a delight. Space does not allow for the listing of the entire ensemble, but when one sees in support of Miss Stewart such well known artists as Kathryn Williams, Thomas Jefferson, Spottiswood Aitken, Anna Q. Nilsson, Tully Marshall, Mahlon Hamilton, Thomas Santschi, Edwin Stevens and others of similar standing in their professions, it is no wonder that twenty or more one can certainly expect a photodramatic treat and in "Her Kingdom of Dreams" you are not disappointed.

Excellent short subjects in addition to a musical setting of high caliber, provided by the Strand's augmented orchestra under the direction of Mr. Arthur J. Manvell, the overture being "Morning, Noon and Night," by Suppe, complete an exceptional presentation from all viewpoints.

**Crandall's Metropolitan**—"Bonds of Love."

Pauline Frederick has returned to the type of picture drama in which her greatest successes have been achieved—a brilliant photodramatic exposition of domestic misunderstandings and meddling trickery among the socially elect of an Eastern metropolis. There is none of the sordid morbidity of dark Western melodrama, the pitiful penury of the city's slums, in "Bonds of Love," Miss Frederick's first for the first time in Washington before capacity audiences at Crandall's Metropolitan Theater yesterday.

"Bonds of Love" represents the first effort in the way of photo playwriting by Louis Sherwin, formerly an authoritative commentator upon the drama in New York. The deftness with which the succeeding scenes of his first play are woven together into a model of directness and unbroken continuity, and the adroitness displayed in the development of the characters of the leading figures in his drama, mark Mr. Sherwin as peculiarly fitted to add distinction to the screen.

The central character in "Bonds of Love" is Una Sayre, a young woman of culture who becomes a part of the household of a wealthy widower as governess of his little son. An immediate attachment springs up between the younger and his "step-playmate." This creates a condition the eventual consequences of which are feared by a pair of precious pensioners upon the bounty of the lady's father. They forthwith undertake to discountenance the "Sayre woman" in the eyes of the man upon whom her gentleness and poise are having a subtle effect. Unable longer to bear the petty persecutions of those who fear her influence in the home, Una decides to eliminate herself from the domestic picture. As she is about to leave the spacious estate where the family is disposing itself on vacation, she descends little Jimmy alone in a power boat out of control dashing toward the rocks of the "Devil's Backbone." Commanding a larger and a swifter craft, she effects one of the most thrilling rescues the camera has recorded. Thereafter her place in the picture is made secure by a proposal of marriage from the man whose child she has saved from certain death.

subjects on the bill are the highly diverting Fox News, and a brief reel depicting animal antics. The symphony side in the completion of one of the best bills of the year by offering from among its members the "Andante Cantabile" string quartet, by Tschakowsky.

**Crandall's Knickerbocker**—"Bonds of Love."

The most uproarious burlesque ever conceived by the imaginative mind of Mack Bennett, interpreted by such a cast of buffoons as only he has the facilities to assemble, excruciated the capacity audience at Crandall's Knickerbocker Theater last night as the secondary feature of one of the most enjoyable photographic bills of the year. "Uncle Tom Without the Cabin," with Ben Turpin, the most grotesque figure on the screen, cast in the dual roles of Uncle Tom and Little Eva, is a scream from the moment of initial flash until the final fadeout. Seldom is a classic of the melodramatic stage travestied with such complete disregard for the conventions, even burlesque, and certainly never has a nonsensical laughing feature ever been more successful in its intended purpose of convulsing an audience.

Another feature of the bill that elicited much favorable comment was the new issue of the news picture, which combined with pictured happenings of the week other bits of diverting examples of the camera's art.

The chief offering at the Knickerbocker yesterday and today is Louis Sherwin's maiden effort as an author for the screen, "Bonds of Love," a delightful vehicle for the manifold talents of Pauline Frederick, one of the most gifted actresses in silent drama, a complete review of which will be found in connection with the Metropolitan Theater.

**Lyceum**—"Mischief Makers."

The "Mischief Makers," with the famous "Patriotic Chorus," opened at the Lyceum Theater yesterday and played to large audiences at both performances. The members of the chorus, along with the principals, proved that they were not misnamed and in every way live up to their torrid title. Joe Wilson and Joe Field, two very capable and talented comedians ably care for the fun department and they are kept busy throughout the farce putting over comedy of the better sort.

A clever vehicle is provided in "Episodes Oh La La," a musical sketch full of attractive music and light lines. There is plenty of action from the rise of the curtain and the whole production exudes "pep."

Mabel Clark, Bonnie Lloyd, Julia Morgan, Sam Rayner, and John Crosby furnish excellent help in punching across this entertaining burlesque. Some of the musical numbers which were decided hits include "Take Your Girl to the Movies," "Sweet Patootie," "Wedding of the Shimmie and the Jazz," "I Want a Cave Man" and "See the Wilmin Swimm."

**Gaiety**—"Hastings' Big Show."

"After the First of July" would seem to indicate a rather forlorn subject, but nothing could be further from the truth when Dan Coleman is connected with it, so even though that is the title of the show at the Gaiety Theater this week said show goes off and on the regular bang.

Dan Coleman, who is well known to the burlesque patrons here, is assisted in the comics by Phil Peters. They make one of the best teams that have been seen here in a season and are in line for an advance if the approval given them by local audiences yesterday count for anything. William Wainwright, Fred Dale, Frank O'Neil, Jack Spellman and Jimmy Hassard are songsters of ability and carry leading parts in the production. Marjorie Mander-ville sings and dances exceptionally well and Ethel Albertini wins the audience with her voice and personality. Others in the leading feminine roles are Hazel Lorraine and Alma Bauer, both being worthy of mentioning.

The production is elaborately staged and uses a remarkable number of costume changes. A chorus of beauties is on hand to add to the occasion and the noise from the gallery testified to their stepping ability.

**Crandall's**—"His Majesty, the American."

Douglas Fairbanks yesterday demonstrated anew how fearful Mexican bandits, European plotters, and plain American thugs ought to be about attempting to put him out of the way, either by fair means or foul. In his first photoplay release under the banner of the big four, "His Majesty, The American," the most popular actor on the screen in this country offered additional proof that, as a gymnastic comedian, he has no close rival before the camera.

"His Majesty, The American," provides a succession of thrills by visualizing a series of episodes in the life of a young man who thrived on excitement. Interspersing these hair-raising incidents in the career of the youth who went hunting trouble when it displayed no immediate inclination to seek him out, are myriad comedy touches that render it extremely difficult for an audience to determine whether the correct thing is to laugh continuously and call the picture a farce, or sit in apprehensive fear throughout its length and classify it as a melodrama.

The story leads Billy Brooks from the varied haunts of inquisitive young manhood in a large city, to the adventurous Southwest, and thence to an abbreviated history in Europe, where he is identified as the heir apparent to a throne, the desirability of which impresses him adversely. What further incentive to outdo himself as "stunt" star could Fairbanks crave than a plot of such ramifications? The pictured results of his activities before the recording lens suffice to answer the question emphatically and fully.

Associated with the star in the roles of greatest contributory importance are Marjorie Daw, Frank Campbell, Sam Sothern and Albert Mor-quario. The settings are magnificent and massive, and the photography of the highest quality throughout the length of the elaborate feature.

The bill for today and tomorrow at Crandall's is completed by the usual array of shorter film features and excellently synchronized orchestral accompaniment.

**Steamer Charles Macalester.**

Several hundred excursionists yesterday took advantage of the opportunity afforded by the Steamer Charles Macalester's 40-mile trip to Indian Head and return. Not only does this afford a delightful ride, but also gives the chance to view numerous points of national and historic interest along this famous waterway. The same steamer is making trips to Mt. Vernon twice daily, excepting Sundays, leaving its wharves at the foot of Seventh street at 10 a. m. and 1:45 p. m.

# Who Is Carry?

This question is in the minds of many people. Some have one solution to the question, some have another, etc., but no one is certain about it.

# Have You Seen Carry?

You have wondered who this mysterious personage could be and where she might be seen.

# We Are Now Ready to Solve the Mystery

# Follow Our Directions Carefully

AND

# You May See Carry

## DIRECTIONS:

In your neighborhood there is a dealer who sells our ice cream. Call at his place of business October 15th, or as soon thereafter as possible, and he will be glad to introduce you to Carry. Do not delay as Carry will not be there very long—BUT

# Carry Will Be In Your Neighborhood Oct. 15th

Assuring you that your visit to any of our dealers will be worth while, we are,

Cordially yours,

# The Carry Ice Cream Co.

## Theft Is Reported.

Emma Thompson, 411 New York avenue northwest, reported to the police yesterday the theft of \$119 in bills from her home.

## Cash Register Robbed.

Richard G. Lockes, 1225 Seventh street northwest, reported the robbery of \$200 in bills from a cash register, at the above address.